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TERA MADRE

RED POEMS



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# SIERRA MADRE,

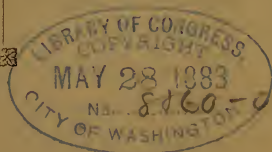
—AND—

## OTHER POEMS.

*By Alfred B. Sanborn.*



Suggested by and written among the various scenes and circumstances attending a life spent wandering aimlessly over the mountains and plains in the Great West—of which they are but a feeble and unworthy description—and the incidents attendant upon an impetuous and enthusiastic nature thrown upon its own resources amidst such surroundings.



CHEYENNE, WYO.:

DAILY LEADER PRINT.

1883.

PS 1513  
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BY B. B. D.

Bradford B Davidson

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## PREFACE.

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As there can be no possible excuse for an author to publish his productions and force them upon an indulgent and inoffensive public, I shall attempt no justification whatever; a natural inclination has induced me to write, and after writing, the same has aroused a desire to place my writings before the public, to whose candor and justice I am willing to submit, as it rarely misjudges and even more rarely under-rates. To the critical I shall quote an extract from the preface of Shelley's immortal "Prometheus Unbound:" \* \* \* "Let the uncandid consider that they injure me less than their own hearts and minds by misrepresentation. Whatever talents a person may possess to amuse or instruct others, be they ever so inconsiderable, he is yet bound to exert them. If his attempts be ineffectual, let the punishment of an unaccomplished purpose have been sufficient. Let none trouble themselves to heap the dust of oblivion upon his efforts—the pile they raise will betray his grave, which might otherwise have been unknown."

What that may be has never yet been told—  
A thing not to be seen nor can be heard :—  
The heart in secret must forever fold  
The bitter woe—the offspring of a word—  
How deep and dread and sadly can be stirred  
The tranquil waters of affection's fount!  
How high the cup of sorrow can be poured!  
How many pangs life's even can recount,  
And o'er the arch of woe triumphant yet can mount!

In love's sweet music all that e'er was sung  
Might still be sung of thee, and yet in vain :—  
From out the heart's deep fountain can be wrung  
But the faint echo of its joy or pain.  
To know, one must behold, and I would fain  
Have heaped high words in memory of thee,  
But they had been to thee but as a stain—  
To thy sweet self a wanton mockery—  
And serve but to pollute thy virgin purity.

Were beauty virtue, thou wert pure and sweet  
As angels roving in the faultless sky!  
Were virtue beauty, gods alone might meet  
The melting rapture of thy kindling eye!  
Who looks on thee must love thee, and I try  
In vain a thought that mingles not with thee;  
Tho' years have swept with lessening sorrow by,  
Enough of that sad memory clings with me  
To sadden all I sing and darken all I see.





## SIERRA MADRE.

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Along these rugged peaks that mark a chain—  
The spinal column of a continent—  
Where far to East or West the unbroken plain  
Rolls one unvaried wave of yellow tint :—  
Where reared aloft the frowning battlement  
'Gainst Nature's fierce and elemental strife,  
With many a rugged scar and yawning rent  
That turn to years, when wild convulsion rife  
Moved these unpeopled hills to momentary life!

"Here where one only hour would banish pain  
And calm the rising storm of discontent—,"  
"Here will I sit and pore upon a strain,"  
And give my heart's wild feelings welcome vent.  
'Mid such as this my fleeting hours were spent  
To scale the peak or trace the winding glen;  
To search alone the mountain's caverned rent  
And fearlessly usurp the wild beast's den,  
And slumbering there await till morning came again.

Here, where a nation's picket scout had stood  
Scarce four-score years ago, a lonely band,  
The sole surveyors of the solitude  
With wonders heaped immeasurably grand;  
With freedom's golden banner in their hand  
They found a fit and kindred element  
To flaunt it wildly in a stranger land,  
And to the wild its own sweet freedom sent  
And dulled for aye the dread oblivion long had lent.

Here, where no human step had trod before  
Save the wild savage, he whose very name  
Had sent a trembling shudder to the core  
Of thousand bosoms, until he became  
A living demon on the page of fame,  
Unsought, unknown by him, yet none the less  
The fearful author of his crimes and shame :—  
Abandon, cunning, death and wickedness  
Blent unalloyed in him and built their own excess.

Here, where e'en half the brief hours idly swept  
Since first a nation heard and breathed of thee,  
Thy pregnant charms in dreamy silence slept  
The sleep of morn when night unheededly  
Steals into day, and we can only see  
Darkness and light—no sweet gradation fills  
The lovely change, the page of memory,  
But empire's ray, a cloudless sunbeam, thrills  
Across the pathless waste and lights her loftiest hills.

Ye mighty hills, thy chasms are to me  
A home more lovely than the gilded hall,  
Where, nursed in laps of bloated luxury,  
The heart grows pregnant with the bitter gall  
Of discontent, and misery, and all  
The thousand ills begot by pampered Ease,  
Which men in their mind's weakness do miscall  
Rest, recreation, the sweet name of peace,  
Where sorrow bids farewell and raptures never cease.

Ye lofty peaks, I sit me here alone  
Where thrice ten thousand years have swept away !  
Thy very rocks and crags seem to have grown  
With their twin brother Time, and day by day  
Thy cliffs have whitened with his locks of gray !  
Enduring still, with him, will still endure,  
And laugh to scorn the prospects of decay ;  
With bosom bare the tempests might allure,  
Though poured forth in its gloom and all its freshness pure.

In meditation wrapt, I here recline  
And gaze around me, and behold I there,  
Where Wisdom's Power, Omnipotence Divine,  
Hath swept the hand of wise creative care ;  
Hath breathed his glowing wisdom from afar,  
And saw the deed speed with His flying thought ;—  
Saw worlds on worlds from chaos bleak appear—

Spring into life by Power Supreme begot,  
And in each moulded mite that Greatest Wisdom  
taught.

And ye who doubt the all-prevailing power,  
Go don more righteous garb, and walk with me ;  
To reason yield one solitary hour  
And burst the bonds of ignorance, and be free ;  
Accept the thousand truths that shine for thee  
Like beacon lights along life's weary way ;  
Read thou o'er Nature's face Divinity ;  
Go to his holy shrine and reverence pay,  
Nor let weak vanity thy soul again betray.

Go scale the mountain to its very height,  
And with his wondrous works communion hold ;  
Pursue the soaring eagle in his flight,  
Nor soon forget what they to thee have told ;  
Go watch the mighty river that hath rolled  
Its purple waters since the birth of Time ;  
Gaze on the myriads that it doth enfold ;  
Gaze on the forest in its summer's prime,  
And doubt no more of God, nor question works  
sublime.

Along the east horizon's crystal verge  
I see the golden Sun proclaim 'tis day.  
The dove still coos her melancholy dirge  
Above the lost companion of her way ;

The cougar flees before the early ray  
That broke the fruitless vigil of the night,  
Or, lingering o'er the still fresh-bleeding prey,  
The parting pangs a moment soothe affright,  
And make him dare to tempt the morning's open  
light.

I see the yellow ray to gild the land,  
And through the mist of morning sweetly glow.  
From peak to peak the smiling beam hath spanned  
The listless plain that slumbers yet below.  
Adown the distant slope I see it flow,  
And mark how swift, yet lovely, is the pace  
That bears along, as onward still doth go,  
The fleeting line still flying to the base,  
To spread her golden smiles o'er nature's dewy face.

And now she bounds e'en with a wilder leap!  
A flash hath lit the semi-boundless plain  
As the blue wave along the shore doth sweep  
When tempest's rage hath stirred the distant main;  
And light and life are smiling here again,  
Twin spheres, whose essence is the breath of day.  
Ah, lend thy wings to my aspiring strain,  
That it may soar in an ethereal ray  
And gather tints to gild the laurel of my lay.

I see the murmuring stream still winding on  
As far as eye can trace its fringed way,

And leaps in laughing bubbles to the Sun,  
And shines a silver thread beneath her ray;  
And sweet Ione how tranquil dost thou lay  
As if to breathe a Moslem's sacred rite.  
And now the first red gleam of rising day  
Hath climbed above yon mountain's dizzy height,  
And sweet but slowly sheds o'er thee her golden light.

'Tis like the placid ray serenely stealing  
With the hushed numbers of an infant's dream,  
When pangs of joy within the bosom swelling  
Flash o'er the face, contentment's happy beam,  
And through the soul's bright mirror there does  
gleam

The soft, pure ray that calmly glows within,  
As midnight tapers through the lattice stream  
When moonless skies with lowering tempests grin,—  
As one pure, righteous act lights through a life of sin.

Ah, flickering beam, thou'rt but the blaze of hope  
Built on the wick by dreaming fancy wove,  
By the ten thousand tinted threads that slope  
In misting radiance from the wings of dove,  
And eagle pinioned Innocence, and Love,  
Fed by the fount of truth's o'erflowing urn,  
Blending inextricably as from above  
The countless beams of heavenly splendor burn,  
Which through the veil that hides eternity, we  
discern.



But where, alas! my weary muse are we?  
Our wanton flight perhaps hath been amiss ;  
So fold thy wings, and sit awhile with me  
Upon the overhanging precipice  
Whose rugged brink frowns on the dread abyss  
That yawns in sleep-unnurtured age below.  
Turn thy mute lips in ecstasy, and kiss  
The summer cloud that's lightly hovering now  
Along the jagged steep—the mountain's craggy brow.

And deep around, the blue aerial sea  
Waves its soft billows in the morning breeze,  
As the long pennant streams incessantly  
When the huge prow divides the glassy seas.  
A crimson cloud hangs o'er the western trees—  
The last lone shadow that to morning clings  
As the last glimpse of fading phantasies,  
Suspended lightly on their buoyant wings,  
Float on the far horizon of sleep's imaginings.

A thistle-down floats on the seeming tide  
That bears away against the northern sky—  
Along the rippling surface seems to glide,  
And now hath sped beyond my anxious eye.  
I lingered on its course, I know not why,  
Save that it heralds my own destiny.  
Forced on the tide of time to fag or fly—  
Lost in the whirlwind, wrecked upon the sea—  
What boots it? the same end—and all—eternity.

Eternity! thou art a fearful sound,  
And hast a woeful echo to the ear.  
The heart leaps low and dull to the far bound  
Of all we know, or feel, or hope to fear ;  
And, gazing in a trance, a hollow, drear  
And desolate pulse usurps the weary breast—  
The bitter scenes of life seem doubly dear,  
And life, though loathed, is still a welcome guest  
With which the soul as yet seems to be duly blest.

On high the eagle cleaves the arching sky  
And fills the solitude with clarion scream,  
And soars toward the noonday Sun; the eye  
In dizziness of sight, as in a dream  
Hath traced his flight to itself, doth seem  
Forever lost the speck that motionless  
Still kept its circling flight. I deem  
That he is gone: with freshened eye I press  
My eager gaze and see—but what I only guess.

And far below the wild stag lingers still  
Where slowly night withdraws her less'ning shade.  
The stars have scarce ceased sparkling in the rill,  
Nor dewy mists forsook the narrow glade,  
His noiseless step which never yet betrayed,  
He plants with nimble ease and thoughtless pride,  
Nips the green twig or crops the dewy blade,  
And rolls his keen dark eye on every side.  
But look! he leaps—he sinks—what fate can this be-  
tide?



Above yon hill the blue smoke softly curls ;  
And now the pealing echo strikes mine ear.  
Against the towering precipice it hurls,  
And answers to itself thrice doubly drear.  
Alas ! it makes no more the trembling fear  
Within a guiltless heart that's sunk to rest !  
I see its drooping head sink meekly there ;  
Upon the cold, hard earth 'tis lightly pressed,  
And life's dull throbbing pulse forever fled his breast.

Ah, wanton wretch, did pity never wake  
The slumbering conscience in thy bosom core,  
And pangs of sobbing mercy ever break,  
And long thy pulse her tender spirit pour ?  
Seek thou her shrine and kneel thou at her door,  
And ask what yet thou never didst allow ;  
Call thy dark frowning deeds of wanton o'er,  
And at her feet thy spirit lowly bow ;  
And rise to nobler deeds than murder's cunning blow.

Go match thy cunning art 'gainst Bruin's might,  
Or rouse the panther from her nursling young,  
And check the maddened bison in his flight,  
Or list the rattling serpent's hissing tongue  
And feel thy blood, by chilling terror stung,  
Pause in each vein—then wildly leap anew  
As thoughts in their career do speed along—  
As humming bird that sips the flowery dew :  
Alas, as life itself, the weary wide world through.

Go, wandering idler, mingle thou with those,  
Or stir the hungry she wolf in her lair,  
Nor break the meek-eyed antelope's repose,  
And learn to mete the mercy thou wouldst share.  
Breathe to thy soul the pure, untainted air  
That wells around thee and within the beam  
Of summer's sun, so soft and sweetly fair,  
Let thy hopes brighten like a midnight dream,  
And life within thy breast spring crystal as her  
stream.

I gaze along the east horizon's verge,  
Where full and round, within her sky, doth glow  
The star of day, that still her course would urge  
To higher steps along the arching bow.  
'Twas thus ye shone some weary years ago ;  
But when and where I need not here unfold—  
Suffice it that I gaze, through tears of woe,  
Again that moment's likeness to behold ;  
And few can guess my pain, and none may e'er be  
told.

It were a long and weary tale for me,  
And trust to ask of me thou wilt forbear ;  
For longer still it e'en might seem to thee,  
Who in another's woe can feel no share.  
And if by chance that one forbidden tear  
Should blot this page, that's sad enough at best,

Think no light sorrow but a grief sincere  
Stirs deep the chords within my aching breast,  
And years of ceaseless pain its constancy attest.

For looking upon such at such an hour,  
And such a place as this, betoken Fate  
Hath led me on and held me in her power,  
And here herself by me intrusive sate;  
Nor from the deep'ning shadow extricate  
Can I the present, future or the past,  
Of the dark way that bears me to the gate  
Where sad mortality shall view the last  
Of the immortal soul that onward still is cast.

But little this doth savor of my theme,  
And trust the fault, for once, thou wilt forgive.  
'Tis asking much, dear reader, but I deem  
That thou wilt grant it, since I pledge to strive  
To steer my Pegasus as on we drive  
Along the course we first essayed to fly.  
A few slight errors one may yet outlive,  
And win him true redemption, should he try,  
E'en though a few such still might mar uncon-  
sciously.

Such is the code, at least, of our salvation  
As taught till modern times by Priest and Preacher,  
Whose revered hearts were held by christian nation  
As moral guide, example, and its teacher.

But then McClosky, Talmage too, and Beecher  
Have injured quite this trust traditional ;  
And Beecher, Adams, Thomas and a Fletcher  
Are cast ashore on thought's new tidal swell,  
And from their holy rocks renounce their fears of  
Hell.

Such creed hath charms for him of wayward life ;  
And many an earnest heart is soothed as well ;  
And superstition falters in the strife,  
And time shall mark the era when she fell.  
In ages yet even ignorance shall dwell  
On us and ours, as we upon the past ;  
Though other creeds and follies then may swell,  
Pure wisdom too, her brightened beam shall cast,  
And light the unfettered mind o'er life's dark way  
at last.

There is a moral, too, as it might seem,  
That half unhidden lurks behind the screen ;  
And tho' 'tis not my song's intended theme,  
Yet to my sorrow and it's shame hath been  
Its fate, that this be woven in between  
The slender cords that vainly seek to bind  
Each varied thought and fancy in one scene.  
For 'tis a bitter task to keep the mind,  
However firm resolved, on things at first designed.

Tho' this thing of digression is a curse—  
A thing that all and at all times should shun,  
Yet even such unfinished is still worse—  
A double shame to him that e'er begun,  
And to a close I soon shall draw this one;  
Nor hope by such the folly to efface,  
And trust the reader's patience as I've done  
In times before, when my wild pen would trace  
Some comet of a thought, thro' Fancy's pathless space.

The creed's weak moral this, if that a moral  
Within the heart or mind of man be found.  
The dews they ask for other's faded laurel  
Would be a welcome balm on all around;  
And he who seems to be most saintly crown'd.  
Might feel its holy freshness least amiss;  
For sin of late so common doth abound,  
'Twere vain to think of man deserving bliss,  
Or, happier one in prayer than in a harlot's kiss.

Such is the sad corruption of the times,  
But why complain? it e'en were best for me;  
For had a bygone age beheld these rhymes  
I had been doomed—eternal misery.  
But think thou not that I would rail at ye,  
Ye earnest few, but laud thy voice of praise;  
But vile deceit and bold hypocrisy,  
That stalk abroad in these degenerate days  
Would Satan's tower of sin in shameless ruin raze.

But we've descended and must rise again ;  
A night-hawk freak of summer evening's light ;  
Aspire to other themes than vulgar men  
Where fancy's dreams may revel in delight,  
And higher mount yon grand majestic height  
That seems with kindred earth to bid adieu ;  
As if with heaven it vainly would unite.  
And, as you mount, oft lightly turn to view,  
What grandeur beams afresh ! how springs a world  
anew !

There is an awe-inspiring element  
That breathes itself unto the musing soul  
Of him who sits where heav'n and earth are blent,  
And feels the harmony of raptures roll  
In sweet profusion 'round him, fit to condole  
With the weary brain and grief-embosomed heart  
That from the haunts of madness here would stroll,  
And live, if but one hour—a thing apart  
From life's unceasing throng that whets affliction's  
dart.

Behold within yon steep ascending rock  
The lone and desolate cedar madly clings  
As in despair its dwarfish fibres lock  
Hard in the scant and narrow openings ;  
While high aloft the leafy mantle swings  
As if to mock the humble twigs below,



And thro' its rugged branches coldly sings  
The howling blast its wintry notes of woe;  
Or, in the summer breeze swings gently to and fro.

The mountain brook leaps boldly from the cliff—  
Expands, a cloud upon the passing breeze  
That weeps it forth in saltless tears, as if  
They flowed to soothe some giant miseries.  
Amid, the rainbows paint the dewy trees  
Or lean their gorgeous grandeur 'gainst the steep,  
With feeble arch aspire to cloudless skies;  
But doomed by fate these narrow bounds to keep  
Reflect their thousand tints and smiling sweetly weep.

But turn again and high and higher mount  
This heaven piercing monument of earth,  
And bend thy gaze upon the bubbling fount  
That grants one only land a wat'ry girth.  
Twin Amazons of North, here was thy birth,  
Where many a change of time hath smiled or  
frowned.

But then, as now, thy limpid wave sprang forth,  
And softly, faint, its babblings echoed round,  
And parting, bade adieu; to climes unequal bound.

Whoever sat beside the purple brook,  
And in her wave beheld the silent moon,  
When leafy boughs no passing zephyr shook  
Or drowned the sadness of the cricket's tune,—

Beheld the first bright leaves of Autumn strewn  
In nature's sweetest loveliness around,  
Would wonder Burns had sung of Bonnie Doon,  
Or felt his musing bosom wildly bound  
Robed in the silent shades of raptures most profound.

To sit and gaze upon the rippling stream  
That smoothly glides or leaps in wild delight,  
And list anon the night owl's distant scream,  
And feel the silent awfulness of night—  
To hear the trickling waters' murmuring flight,  
The tingling night sound softly ebb and flow  
As gleams the twinkling meteor on the sight,  
Or swells the bitter pangs of secret woe  
Which ye that have not known may never care to  
know.

It wafts a welcome sadness to the soul  
From which it flees not, but would linger still—  
A serpent charm or heart's magnetic pole  
That dulls the pain and binds the wayward will.  
A chaos of the mind that memories fill,  
And build an unconscious vacuum in the breast  
That mute expanding slumbers there, until  
The fragile cords are sundered that repress,  
And freely breaths the sigh, and leaves the soul at  
rest.



It brings the hour when melancholy sits  
Upon the brow and saddens all within ;  
When memory, on her thousand pinions, flits  
O'er weary years of unforgiven sin—  
O'er paths where joy and gayety hath been  
But swiftest carriers to a waste of woe,  
From whose bleak summit there is now but seen  
The lovely landscape of the long ago,  
Wrapt in the golden gleam of hope's ideal glow.

The present is a mountain, on whose height  
Life's golden sun may gleam ; but far behind  
Her huge form casts a shadow, dark as night,  
O'er the long pathway of the heart and mind.  
But far beyond, in one broad beam entwined,  
Without one tint, or shade of night or woe,  
By time and sweet forgetfulness refined,  
Rise the loved hills in yet still lovelier glow  
Than when in youthful hours we trod them long  
ago.

For life is but the planet of a day,  
Linked with unnumbered thousands, yet alone.  
Born but to gleam, and fade, and pass away,  
With sunshine, clouds and tempests all her own.  
She has her hills and vales, which oft are grown  
Into mist-shrouded mountain or broad plain,

Whose barren sands glare hard beneath the frown  
Of her fierce heights and tempest's gathering train,  
Where fleet existence drags her ever lengthening  
chain.

She has her lakes, her fountains, and her streams;  
Her broad, deep oceans and her boundless seas;  
Her brooding fancies and her waking dreams,  
To gild the desert of realities.  
She has her storms and calms, and balmy breeze—  
Her turbid torrents and her founts of joy—  
All flowing to a waste of miseries.  
She has her sun and ever changing sky,  
O'er which eternity seems sadly hovering nigh.

For he who sits and ponders in himself  
Hath found no bounds for his creative thought;  
Can mould a planet system, or an elf,  
And link them with sage time e'er yet begot.  
He can behold the skies of noonday, fraught  
With darkening shades of evening's gloomy glow;  
Existence with eternity inwrought—  
And melancholy's lengthening shadows throw,  
And life's uncertain sun beam sadly, faint and low.

Here shall I hie me when the day is closed—  
My feeble task and weary wanderings done.  
When busy life to slumber is reposed,

And all but one last glimpse of day is gone—  
The last, the sweetest and the loveliest one,  
Where day and night in equal numbers blend;  
Ere the first hath vanished or the last begun—  
A neutral vail of elements to lend  
A solemn pause, where all mixed grandeur may  
    expend.

An air-inwoven space or vailéd hall,  
Dividing light from darkness, as it were;  
Where purest rays of each thro' either wall  
Commingle sweetly in the narrow sphere—  
Swift as the cloud-born shadow hovering near,  
Swept on the wings of gathering elements,  
The lovely prelude of the tempest drear,  
As thou to darkness and the sky's intense  
And glittering loveliness—star-canopied expanse.

The hour of slumber's gone, nor yet returned;  
Still would I dream, perchance a waking dream,  
As love's deep, smouldering fire hath quenchless  
    burned

Long after hope's vain spark hath ceased to beam;  
As midnight wakes the borealis gleam  
Along the northern sky to shed her ray,  
And melt the shades of night, that hung supreme,  
Into a golden counterfeit of day,  
That like a meteor gleams—then vanishes away.

I gazed upon the modern Galilee  
And saw its richness in the beauteous night;  
The moon shone full upon the infant sea  
That danced and rippled in her silvery light,  
And, nestling 'neath the mountain's shadowy height,  
Its soft waves, laughing, playfully kissed the shore;  
The dim isles frowned, a speck upon the sight,  
As on the night's horizon I did pore  
And drank to the deep soul her raptures o'er and o'er.

I saw the purling stream rush madly on  
As driven wildly to its destiny;  
The fountain's spotless waves forever gone,  
And sighed in vain o'er wasted purity:—  
Alas! how like is nature unto thee—  
Like begets like and lures sweet truth astray;  
Pollution breeds polluted company:—  
On desert sands the desert waters play  
And desert breezes bear the desert air away.

Along the desert shores here man hath reared  
His habitation and the home of crime;  
The laws of God and conscience he hath dared  
And nursed lascivious passion to its prime.  
Alas! that I should sing thee in my rhyme,  
And blend such vice with nature's purer train,  
And bear the darkened shadow from its clime  
Where sweeter virtue may behold the stain  
And blush to find that such were mingled with the  
strain.

On yonder mount the false Isaiah stood,  
And hope revealed a kingdom and a crown;  
He saw it budding in the solitude  
Where various nature left her lingering frown.  
The savage scarce had claimed it for his own,  
Save in the thought that all to him was sent;  
Few were the charms for him that vainly shone;  
Since lovelier smiles to fairer lands were lent,  
He basked him in the glare and breathed a sweet  
content.

Here fled the host from persecution's rage,  
The hand of justice and the lips of scorn;—  
The martyrs of a holy pilgrimage,  
Thrice from their consecrated Eden torn.  
Sharp were the pangs within their bosoms' bourn—  
The ruined temples and their prophet slain—  
By all but fate and sullen faith forlorn,  
A refuge sought where spreads the dreary plain,  
Alas! in crimes anew and miseries again.

The dreariest desert has some spot of green  
Where yet the weary eye and heart may rest,  
The wildest waste some lone and lovely scene  
To soothe the sorrows of the aching breast;—  
The sorriest wretch is yet e'en lightly blest  
Though bowed beneath misfortune's darkest frown—  
The vilest of some virtue is possessed—  
The callous heart some kindness yet can own,

And sad indeed the soul where fortune ne'er had  
shone.

Lo! frugal care and industry are thine,  
But they can light thy harems, not thy soul,  
Thy temples to the stranger's eye may shine,  
And ye that reared may worship and extol;  
The savage eye in wonder too may roll  
O'er thy great cities, but alas for thee,  
Thy glory is thy shame, if glory's goal  
In crimes and bold licensciousness can be,  
And Mountain Meadows dark and bloody tragedy.

And thou, sweet, lovely woman, thou art here,  
The silent, suffering victim of disgust;  
The all of life and happiness most dear—  
An isle of innocence in a sea of lust—  
A pearl in ocean—a diamond in the dust—  
A rose within the desert, or a star  
In the dark night of sorrow and distrust—  
A peaceful omen in the tide of war—  
The lone sweet ray of hope and promise from afar.

On Sierra Madre's summit mutely stand—  
Nor ask what power this loveliness devised;  
Gaze at the noonday sun; on either hand  
Behold the savage—then the civilized.  
Fit bulwark this, unconscious nature raised,  
To shield her offspring 'gainst oppression's power;



Unknown to bow, by them the boon is prized—  
The rudely wrought, and yet unconquered tower,  
That sire to son bequeathed, imperishable dower.

No long writ will or testament was theirs;  
No dying words the heritage conveyed;  
No portions left to prompt impatient heirs  
To feign a grief, in tears too long delayed;  
No costly robes dissembling grief arrayed,  
In studied lines, that many a heart belied,  
Shone forth in pomp, a funeral masquerade,  
Where woeful weeds the double task supplied  
To signal grief sincere and hypocrisy to hide.

For there are those whom Death's grim, ghastly  
    mein

Awes not from sin's unmantled deeds of shame,  
Would bear the pall and yet rejoice within  
O'er others woe, that yields them wealth or fame,—  
Whose mind portrays no other end or aim  
Than cold, and callous, bitter selfishness.  
No spark of pride that kindles honor's flame  
Shines in the soul to gild one dark recess,  
Where truth forbears to gleam or virtue scorns to  
    bless.

But these are crimes beyond the untutored mind  
That happily sins in nature's bolder strain,

Whose very crimes and follies unrefined  
Freeze not the blood as art's more polished stain ;  
Whose whole rude savage mind would scarce contain

The semblance of one virtue such as ours.  
For Virtues in a few pure hearts remain,  
Tho' Vice with all his thousand shadows lowers,  
And high to many a heart woe's bitter measure  
pours.

For he hath looked no farther than his kind  
For aught of good or ill that Fate hath brought.  
His very creed hath taught him he had sinned  
To bow the knee in suppliance to aught.  
His mind conceives no reverential thought  
Beyond tradition's rude and varied tale ;  
No deed was crime that gained the end he sought—  
Yet just to friend or kindred, in the scale  
That savage conscience weighs—aye, treacherous  
and frail.

The step of stealth, the wily ambushade,  
The long-laid plans of double-dealt deceit—  
A friend's unwary confidence betrayed—  
Or foe deluded by a promise sweet—  
A neutral slain is questioned as a fete,  
Not as how wisely done, but as how well.  
In sooth, in him no foe shall rise to meet ;  
No spy shall lurk, forbidden tales to tell.



Alas, and few shall know from whence the cause he  
fell.

Look thou on him; but, freemen, scorn him not.  
The noblest star in freedom's lovely sky!  
In freedom's lap, by freedom's sons begot,  
He guards the every walk of liberty—  
Not with a paltry hireling's coward eye,  
But nature's king, and freedom for his crown,  
And draws the sword to conquer or to die;  
And strike for rights and liberties his own,  
And sheathes it, but in blood, till all is lost or won.

And ye who war for kings would win but graves  
To coffin thee and priceless liberty;  
Would forge the chains that bind you more as slaves,  
And sound the doleful death-knell of the free;  
Would rear the pile whereon to bend thy knee,  
And feel the weight of power thy hands can give,  
And pay the homage that were due to thee.  
Were homage due to hands that boldly strive,  
That tyrants may oppress and pompous lust may  
thrive.

He looks upon his loved and lonely land  
And sees the future with a fiery eye;  
Beholds him bear the torch and glittering brand,  
And ever from the field of victory.  
He sees the foe before him lifeless lie,

Or, helpless bound, for hopeless mercy sue;  
Depicts with joy the death that captives die—  
The thousand pangs that thousand times renew  
Ere life to the lone breast shall bid a last adieu.

He dreams but of the land his fathers gave,  
When night enfolds him in her robe of sleep;  
He dreams of that sweet land—his father's grave—  
Nor feels the unconscious tears that burning weep;  
He knows not that his arms the night winds sweep  
As grappling fiercely with a deadly foe;  
He knows not that the furrows, dark and deep,  
The mingled throes of rage, despair and woe,  
O'er his dark, dusky brow alternate come and go.

He knows the charms of childhood's lovelier hour  
And manhood's ties, that strengthen year by year;  
He sees the distant shades of fortune lower  
And feels the every bond of life more dear.  
'Tis not the thought-awakened pulse of fear,  
For such was childhood taught—aye, learned—to  
scorn;

In slumber's arms alone he sheds the tear,  
Tho' grief within his swelling breast is worn  
And every tender cord that touch his heart be  
torn.

His tent is pitched beside his native stream.  
As from his savage wanderings he returns

He ponders on the future, and the beam  
Of memory in his dusky bosom burns.  
The cares that fortune heaps he madly spurns,  
And in a moment lives long years again.  
To dream of youth alone he sadly yearns;  
In grief itself forgets e'en sorrow's pain  
That thrilled his latest pulse and flowed thro' every  
vein.

He sees his transient village reared around,  
And marks no changes for the lapse of years;  
The same dark hills and forests still surround,  
And thro' her walks the wonted group appears;—  
The mother toils amid unaltered cares  
And childhood's mirth and frolics still the same,  
Tho' some are gone, for each another bears  
The task of life, unfinished as it came,  
That flows with ceaseless time—as time without an  
aim.

He hears the wolf's long howl re-echo far—  
The desert's lonely curfew-knell of night;  
The panther's scream awake the darkening air  
And rouse his savage soul to wild delight;  
His eye would trace the night hawk in her flight  
As twilight bore on her wings along—  
And still he gazed, tho' darkness dimmed his sight,  
And lived one hour of fancy's life among  
The glittering stars that seemed companions of the  
song.

Behold the savage chieftain! round him crouch  
A moslem group with stern but reverend awe,  
And silence breathes o'er all, as from the pouch  
Fit hands essay the council pipe to draw.  
The brand hath lit, and solemn each and a'  
Hath homage done tradition's sacred right.  
No bailiff wields, no judge expounds a law  
Imbued with cunning of a christian trite;  
For honor, justice reign and freedom claims her right.

He hears the strain of oratory swell,  
And starts to know how sweet that voice hath grown;  
And other voices charm the ear as well,  
And wing the night air with their silvery tone—  
He hears each voice distinctly and alone.  
For such the pride that sways the savage breast  
To list alike to prophet or to drone,  
And feel the most despised an honored guest,  
Moved aye and moved alone by dignity's behest.

He hears the hoarse, dull timbrel sound aloud,  
The wonted signal of the savage dance,  
And, hurrying on, the young, the gay, the proud,  
Feed evening's twilight with their mellow glance.  
Who sees them here would doubt how well the lance  
And sword the mirth of revelries could supplant;  
Two far extremes one heart could thus entrance,  
And from the warpath turn thus jubilant;  
And to the wild, wild winds these wilder numbers  
chant:

Our fathers were braves,  
Our mothers were free ;  
We'll never be slaves  
While remembering thee.

The blood they did cherish  
Still flows in our veins,  
Tho' with us it may perish—  
Yet never in chains.

Our foes we shall conquer  
Whereever we meet ;  
Our bows shall be stronger,  
Our arrows more fleet.

Tho' their numbers may vanquish  
The best of our band,  
Behold they the anguish  
That swells in their land,

The scalps of the pale face  
Shall build our tepee ;  
We'll sing of the hale race  
And dance in our glee.

Their bones they shall whiten  
'Round the prairie fowls' nest,  
And their red blood shall brighten  
The joys in our breast.

*SIERRA MADRE,*

Their children's vain weeping  
Sound sweeter afar  
Than music, while sleeping,  
Or marshalled for war.

The wail of their kindred  
Shall burden the wind,  
And their hopes shall be cindered  
As the captives we bind.

The fond kiss at parting,  
Tho' lightly was prest,  
Shall dwell on the heart string—  
The last and the best.

Who asks that he slake  
Not the thirst of the sword,  
Shall reap at the stake  
Fear's juster reward.

Our weakest cry shame  
To his shrieks and his cries  
That mix with the flame  
As it leaps to the skies.

Then leap to the strain  
Of the music that swells,  
And its echo again  
As still softer it wells ;



And sound the loud war-whoop,  
The key-note of life,  
The pride of the war troop  
And soul of the strife.

Rejoice, as we hail  
The proud warrior's return,  
Tho' it mix with the wail  
Of the luckless that mourn.

That mourn for the few  
That were slain on the field,  
Whose hearts never knew  
To abandon or yield.

But the tears that are shed  
By the lovely for those,  
Rob death of her dread  
And gives hate for our foes.

For the tears of a maid  
In her lover-lorn woe  
Are more keen than the blade  
In the hand of the foe.

Tho' a maid in her glee  
Is the sunshine of earth,  
In her weeping we see  
All her beauty and worth.

'Tis the drear wintry silence  
Gives summer her cheer,  
And the yoke of harsh tyrants  
Makes liberty dear.

And this land hath forgotten—  
This land of the brave,—  
When tyrant hath trodden—  
But trod to his grave.

Then garland the brow  
Of the chieftain with flowers,  
From the loveliest that grow  
On our loveliest bowers;

And our virgins shall gather  
The roses' bright bloom,  
And the eagle's soft feather  
Shall mix in the plume.

Then weep o'er the graves  
That have made us the free—  
We'll never be slaves  
While we reverence thee.

Ye who would ask from whence such numbers flow,  
Go thou to them, nor pause to question here.  
That such it was and is, is all I know,  
And many worse have soothed a softer ear.  
He who hath writ or moulded quaint and queer



Such broken thoughts, it was a thing apart;  
Ambition's hope in subtle song to sear  
The honeyed venom of full many a heart—  
To rouse each latent pulse and poison hatred's dart.

'Twas but a lyric fancy thus to build  
The many hopes and hatreds into one;  
The smold'ring dreams of vengeance thus to gild  
And rouse the embers to a flame unknown;  
To touch her chords and find her every tone  
Awakes the mute, unconscious echo there,  
Where zeal apace with sullen time hath grown—  
The long pent founts redoubling waves appear  
And *Ætna's* bursting flames her slumbering powers  
declare.

'Tis not for bard or minstrel to create,  
Who are but noblest architects of thought;  
For nature, in herself inanimate,  
Folds all that may be or that time hath taught,  
And in her broad, deep bosom there is wrought  
Yet undiscovered truths and charms, which shall  
Be food for ages yet long unbegot;  
And Time himself shall cease unknowing all  
And worlds of truths unborn shall sink 'neath chaos  
pall.

Pursue the sculptor's hand—thou wilt but find  
Some vain attempt at nature's lovely forms;

The artist's hope is but to leave behind  
One faultless effort of her countless charms.  
Trace where thou wilt, the same deep spirit warms  
Thro' every pulse that sways ambition's breast—  
To clothe in thought or skill the silent germs  
That in oblivion's hidden bosom rest,  
Or gild with words anew some rapture long expressed.

Such is the strain, and be it as it may  
'Tis all that fact-born fancy can allow ;  
And we have lingered long upon the way  
Thus to behold nor tire with, when nor how.  
It is enough my muse hath slept, and thou,  
Who still would boast a patience to endure,  
Whose faithful eye hath traced us on, shalt now  
Be borne along where other scenes allure,  
And 'round those paths anew thy hungry vision pour.

Here sprang the Magic City of the plains,  
Like Anchialus and Tarsus, in a day,  
That rose to gild a monarch's sterile reign  
And heap the monument of its own decay.  
Forbid that I would sing thee such as they—  
The offspring of unbridled vanity,  
Reared by the slaves that knew but to obey,  
And even in chains made others bend the knee,  
That else had burst the bonds and christened them  
the free.

Not thus of thee, proud city, o'er whose spires  
The starry flag of freedom is unfurled—  
That glorious banner that our patriot sires  
Proclaimed the emblem of an infant world.  
Tho' tyrant's chains and battle's smoke have curled  
Around thee and the dauntless breasts that bore;—  
From this fair land the fetters long are hurled  
To awe the heart and bind the limb no more,  
While free her eagle soars from ocean's shore to  
shore.

And view ye here where dauntless enterprise  
And bold invention force a narrow way;  
The vain predictions of a world despise,  
Nor nature's wilds can soften or dismay;  
Unscathed by scorn and fear despising, they  
Unflinching launch on fortune's surging sea,  
Where winds and waves too often do betray  
The staunchest bark, whose living wreck must be  
Cast on her barren shores in mad despondency.

And art and science here have led their train  
And reared their halls in this stupendous wild.  
O'er nature's palace, half usurping, reign  
And grasp the just inheritance of her child  
Who warred that still these raptures, undefiled,  
Might pass from them the heritage they came,  
And sighed in vain when stranger lips reviled

And stranger hands in numbers sought to claim,  
And bathed the hills in blood and triumphed in their  
shame.

Here winds afar the iron path, where first  
The iron horse, unbridled, bore away.  
Thro' the dark veil of slumbering ages burst—  
The morning star of empire's golden day.  
Afar she cast the gleaming of her ray  
And woke the trembling wild beast from his lair,  
And wilder men, with awe-imbued dismay,  
Beheld the ill-omened monster from afar  
To walk the boundless waste and cleave the startled  
air.

Here groaned the weary beast beneath his weight,  
Ere yet proud commerce walked the silent hills  
And planted far the pregnant seeds of state,  
Or sank where death's cold hand forever stills ;  
And hearts o'er-burdened with misfortunes ills  
Strove here, and wept and conquered, tho' they fell.  
Know thou, in sooth, it is not all that kills  
That can be said to conquer, for as well  
The spirit lives in death as in its mortal cell.

And Faith and Mammon lured, ill-guiding stars,  
To tempt the heart of longing and of lust,  
As glory leads her thousands on to wars  
And blends the luckless with their kindred dust.

Alas ! how sad a thing it is to trust  
Hope's distant ray or Fortune's fickle dream !  
E'en life itself is to itself unjust,  
And lurks a shade to darken every gleam,  
And swiftest night succeeds her loveliest lingering  
beam.

Behold the pictured sands of other times !—  
The pilgrim's dread and pain of pioneers,  
Where flourished naught save grief and savage  
crimes  
And sprang no fountain but the fount of tears.  
O'er thee, unhappy land, tradition rears  
The very arch of monumental awe—  
Of men who smiled at death's ignoble fears—  
Would mould, and judge, and execute a law,  
Nor from one statute code the simplest line would  
draw.

And weeping Kansas, such, alas ! was thine,  
And God forbid that e'er again shall be  
Such fated land where Murder heaps her shrine  
And bathes it with the blood of liberty.  
Here Rapine, Vengeance, Lust, ungodly three,  
Strove hand in hand, and Mercy was denied,  
And linked thy name with death and misery  
Till thousands o'er the hapless ruin sighed,  
And pity spread her wings and circled far and wide.

But these are gone ; unfaltering time reveals  
What slept within the bosom of this land.  
Along her hills the God of Plenty steals  
And heaps her granaries with a lavish hand ;  
Where frowned a desert, gardens now expand,  
And order reigns where anarchy prevailed,  
And where the chieftain led his savage band  
And the wild wolf to midnight echoes wailed,  
Bright cities long have gleamed and blooming fields  
regaled.

The shepherd, idly whistling on the hill,  
Tells how remote that danger here must be ;  
The restless nomad roams his herds at will  
And thus declares a blest security ;  
His wandering thousands, roaming wild and free,  
Blend with the wild ox here, of nature's own,  
And he who wanders o'er these plains may see  
The shaggy bison, half domestic grown,  
And slaughtered in the pen or bourne to those  
unknown.

The sun hath set, and night's unfaltering shades  
Along these silent walks of nature creep.  
The mellow sky of evening slowly fades,  
And thro' her veil the dim stars faintly peep.  
The day hath fled, the chill winds gently sweep,  
With whispering echoes in the voiceless night ;



The dewy tears of Summer softly weep ;  
The full round moon hangs, beautiful and white,  
Within her sky and pours on all her silvery light.

But we are done, it is enough for now ;  
Where we may rest it suits not here to name ;  
Whence we have come, or where, we now may go,  
Or how we here have wandered, tis the same ;  
And thou, sad reader, thou as loth to blame  
Or question where as we may be, to tell,  
In after days we may redeem the shame—  
If shame it be such numbers thus to swell,  
And to a sorrowing ear to pour a glad farewell.

The huge hills close around me. One by one  
They fade away like memories of the past ;  
And in the gathering shadows, grey and dun,  
They don the veil of mystery at last ;  
Save where the towering heights their spectres cast  
In dark, dull outlines on the sky of night,  
Like landmarks of remembrance. And thou hast  
Beheld their sad array to the mind's sight,  
As o'er the long, long way it backward turns its  
flight.



## THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

---

Along her rough and rugged shores  
The sea of life unceasing roars,  
As onward still her breakers lash  
And 'gainst the cliff or cavern dash,  
While cold and white, the foamy spray,  
Glares on each billow of the bay ;  
Or wreathing clings, with arching mock,  
Along the sands or frowning rock  
And marks how high her waters flow—  
How fierce her angry tempests blow—  
And many a bark along the beach  
Of mad disaster sadly teach,  
While wrapt in robes of cold despair  
The hearts they bore are weeping there  
Amid the wreck of ruined hopes,  
Where sorrow with misfortune copes.

Methinks her waves are built of tears,  
And winds are but the sighs of years  
Mixed with those deep and heavy groans  
That e'en might move the chilly stones ;  
And even now the woeful sound,  
As of some mourners gath'ring round,  
Grows on the wind like distant strains  
Of thunder dying on the plains,  
And thrills the blood thro' every vein,—  
Poetic messenger of pain.

How swift the barks of joy and woe,  
And relics of the long ago  
Are swept like bubbles ever on,  
As little missed, as little known ;  
Dashed on the rocks misfortune rears  
For him whom fate unhappily steers ;  
And many a huge and gilded sail  
In fragments stream the wintry gale.  
Their gleam of hope and worth is fled,  
And left, that lustre of the dead  
To sadden all that yet remains  
And whet misfortunes keenest pains,  
While cast along this luckless shore  
To tempt the lovlier deep no more.

There is a joy for him who craves,  
There is a dread for him who braves

The fury of uncertain waves—  
Who plows alone the isleless deep  
Where storms may rage and tempests sweep;  
Tho' calms may lull her troubled breast  
'Tis but a mock of peaceful rest.  
Another day—an hour—may view  
Her every fear return anew.

Tho' Hope and Joy companions sail  
In fortunes wildly shifting gale,  
Yet Sorrow spreads her pinions there  
And glides from Misery to Despair.  
But oh, how swift the wings she lends!  
How sweetly curves—how gently bends  
The lofty sails that fearless ride  
The watery mountains of the tide.  
The heart e'en woos the doubtful way,  
And winds that brook nor bear delay  
And tempt the gauntlet of the grave  
Ere loiter on the pulseless wave.  
For danger has for some a charm  
That rest and peace could never warm;  
And death no dread if glory's star  
Allures them on to do and dare.  
For few the pangs that rend the breast  
And bear the soul eternal rest  
Of those whom fate foresake at last  
And on her icy bosom cast.

Her broken waves are coursing high  
Beneath an ever-changing sky  
That smiles in sunshine's golden light,  
Or wears the frown of darkest night,  
Or lowering dark with tempests dread,  
The rays of melancholy shed,  
And give e'en death a cast of gloom  
And add new pangs to sorrow's doom.  
Yet such the hope—the dreamy prize—  
That thousands weep to realize ;  
A boon that few, in sooth, could bear,  
Alas ! and less could nobly share.

And I have viewed her dreary shore—  
Alas ! could I but view no more—  
And heard her thousands groan and sigh,  
Perchance, and happier still than I ;  
Have wept me sore at other's grief  
And thus my own found small relief.  
There was a solace yet for me—  
To walk with Love and Poesy,  
For hand in hand they wander here,  
Twin offspring of another sphere.  
With vision turned to that far sky  
That glows with noonday's brilliancy ;  
As to the dungeon darkened sight,  
Gleams evening's cool and shaded light ;  
And never noon, in all her power,

Hath beamed in freedom's lovlier hour  
As thro' the iron lattice steal  
The faded rays they half conceal;  
For sweet the balm again supplied  
From fountains once by fate denied.

The auburn locks unheeded flow  
Around each brow and bust of snow  
Without one tint of lillie gone  
That on those cheeks and bosoms shone;  
And youth still lurks in every charm  
And keeps those spotless bosoms warm.  
There is a lustre in those eyes—  
The very dream of paradise;  
A sweet and gentle sadness too,  
As soft and bright as Summer's dew,  
That seeks no solace from without  
Nor sheds one ray of gloom about;  
A hidden light beneath each brow  
Like crystals of December snow.  
And he who once could feel their fire  
And know the pulse their rays inspire,  
Could ne'er forget or cease to turn  
The heart to whence such lustres burn.

Their mantles gleam like silken gold  
And stream in loose, but certain fold,  
And burden light the wintry breeze



That sweeps unhushed these broken seas.  
Along the dewy rocks they stand,  
And gently lift the snowy hand  
As if to guide or hold aright  
The wanderings of the weary sight  
That lead afar the unfettered mind  
That follows on, and swift behind,  
Like shadows of a drifting cloud  
Or thunder's echo, long and loud.

Alas! her broken surf will heave;  
Alas! and thousands still must grieve  
As bourne along where none may know,  
But ever on the path of woe;  
And some are there, nor helm nor oar  
To guide them from the rocky shore,  
And thus bereft, must learn to dare  
Misfortunes never known to spare.

There is a chaos spread beyond  
The narrow shore and dreary strand,  
And all we seek to see or know  
Must cease at whence yon waters flow.  
Tho' many tempt, but few as yet  
Have passed her bounds without regret—  
Without one hope to e'er return  
And none to point to whence is bourne.

How dreary, chill, and damp, and dark  
Are the dull, misty bounds that mark  
Where the imprisoned soul is free—  
The last and all of misery.  
And won, if won at all the prize—  
A desert or a paradise.



## TO A THUNDER SHOWER.

---

The Summer's Sun hung sweet and low  
Within the west, descending slow,  
And seemed to pause above the hill  
As if in vain to linger still;  
Nor bathed in the accustomed blaze  
But steeped in evening's dismal haze,  
Till darkly glared the round red mass  
As rising mists did thicker pass,  
At first obscure, then lost at last  
By infant shades of night o'ercast  
That shed her gloom and thrily more  
Along the hills and cradled shore.  
The drooping bough no zephyr shook,  
Nor bore the murmur of the brook,  
But deathly silence, dark and drear,  
Seemed to have spread her mantle there.

The lark hath fled her wonted skies,  
Nor high the dauntless eagle flies,  
Nor e'en the robin longer flits,  
But 'neath the drooping yew-bough sits  
And twitters low and sweetly sad,  
In strains that mirth and joy forbad.  
For melancholy has a tone  
Of lovely sweetness, all its own,  
Blending at once the every key  
That swells from mirth to misery.

The sluggish brutes, tho' frisking free,  
Seem filled with dread anxiety;  
And hurrying on, or loitering slow,  
Are murmuring sadly as they go—  
As taught by some instinctive spell  
To know what elements can tell:—  
To feel the fears forbodings teach,  
And know their terrors ere they reach.

The cock hath smoothed each ruffled plume  
And screamed defiance at her gloom,  
Whose clarion tones, with wonted shrill,  
Scarce echo on the neighboring hill;  
And fitly wing the mocking bay,  
The watch dog idly howls away,  
As bourne from some far-distant plain  
On wafting winds that wooed the strain.

But hark! there is a thunder peal,  
The very thought and sense doth reel,  
Of him who shrinks beneath the jar  
Of darkening elements at war.  
And loud and long the echo sent  
As skies were torn, and worlds were rent,  
And lightning's streak, with vivid lines,  
The darkening gloom, as day declines,  
Like silver threads, reflecting bright,  
Along the curtain of the night—  
The very arch, and golden bow  
That spans sublimity below.

The heavy drops come one by one  
Like distant battle just begun,  
    With echoes dull and dread.  
And fast and faster still they grow  
Till verged in one unceasing flow,  
    Like earthquake's awful tread.  
The dying thunder leaps anew;  
The torrent pours, redoubling too,  
And lightning's blaze along the sky  
Like hope-rekindled memory.  
The howling winds relentless sweep,  
As wandering o'er the purple deep  
Where broken cliffs and island caves  
Re-echo far the dreary waves.

There is a pause—the winds are still—  
And louder swells the murmuring rill,  
And o'er the landscape, far and wide,  
In echo streams each newborn tide,  
As trickling down the gentle steep  
O'er long untrodden paths they leap.

The heavy clouds are burst away—  
The thousand stars, with twinkling ray,  
Shine forth anew as farther fly  
The broken clouds along the sky.  
How doubly bright they seem to glow,  
And thicker in the heavens grow  
As if they built the very sky  
Of their own lovely brilliancy.

The storm is hushed, the night is clear,  
The cricket wakes the silent air;  
Along the marsh the frog hath broke  
Anew with his accustomed croak,  
And morn, as loved, shall break again,  
As Eden knew without a stain,  
Ere man had lured the serpent there  
Which then had linked him with despair.





EPISTLE TO  
MISS A—— AGNES S——.

---

*As "distance lends enchantment to the view,"  
E'en bonds of friendship may be dearer too.*

In evening's cool and balmy shade  
I sit me here—pursue my trade.  
Pursue my trade—'tis but to rhyme—  
Nor deem it fault nor call it crime.  
A trade that kindly, Nature gave  
To bless or curse her humble slave,  
For whiling weary hours away,  
That gather dark from day to day  
And clothe the heart in robes of grief,  
Had I not known this sweet relief.

Fair Friend, I take this privilege;  
It marks no vow—fulfills no pledge—  
Yet disregards no word or look

That I should deem to be rebuke.  
If such it be, condemn the act,  
And with the actor be exact ;  
Accept no pleadings or excuse  
Nor grant nor treaty nor a truce.

Fair friend,—this may seem dull and cold,  
Or thou mayest call it frank and bold,  
Since time may swerve the truest soul  
And conscience change its nurtured goal.  
Forbear the frown if I missguess,  
For I would scorn to think the less,  
Nor will attempt to call thee more  
And be familiar as before.  
So prone, alas ! are we to change,  
Familiar greetings echo strange,  
If time or distance rolls between  
And pen presume to pierce the screen.

Permit me though, to sing my lay  
And call thee friend this single day,  
If but to-morrow thou wouldst scorn  
What thy fond smiles would once adorn.  
Nor would I venture to offend  
The nobler feelings of a friend—  
A friend that is or once hath been,  
And hold thee still, nor think it sin.  
But yet how oft a few short days

Must chill the warmth of friendship's rays  
And leave those hearts, once light and free,  
In dreary, dark despondency;  
Perhaps e'en worse with jealous tongues  
To paint designs or picture wrongs,  
Which this, or that, or t'other word  
Hath slyly brooked or left inferred,  
And points the heart that lingers there  
But future woe and dark despair.  
How shrinks the heart, how melt the ties,  
And armed revenge and hatred rise,  
And steel the heart to war with foes  
Which blighted friendship only knows,  
And distance lends to keener knife  
Than steel can offer in the strife.

And Friendship, oh, how light thy name!  
Thy soul hath fled, and naught but fame  
Of vanished days and deeds remain  
To gild or screen the lingering stain  
That mars the links, by virtue wove,  
From garlands plucked by Truth and Love.  
The skillful hands that tuned thy lays,  
And hearts that breathed thy notes of praise,  
The flames that on thy altars burned,  
And the fond hearts that thither turned,  
With thee alike are past and gone,  
And e'en their very names have flown;

The echo of their fame has died—  
Their soul is fled and past their pride.

But why prolong the dreary page—  
Too dull for youth, too weak for age—  
And dwell on things that yet may be,  
Or might have been, oh, vanity!  
To spread weak fancy's quivering sail  
In folly's wild and welcome gale,  
And glide on dreams, through airy seas,  
In shades of possibilities.

'Twas just one year ago to-day  
That Fortune pointed me the way,  
And bade me that bleak way pursue;  
Nor guessed I, or conjecture drew  
About the what, the where, or why  
That I was thither forced to fly.  
I wept not for a foe or friend,  
Nor for my past or future end,  
Nor for the land or home I left,  
Nor of a hope or joy bereft;  
Nor sighed nor mourned for adverse skies,  
Nor hoped to gain a paradise,  
But never thought this hour to see  
That robes the heart in misery.  
No friend had I to claim a tear  
Though there were some perhaps, sincere,

Who smiled not in their bosom's core  
When the last cold adieu was o'er;  
While others had as little cares  
For me as I for them and theirs.  
If friend I had he stood aloof,  
Or foe—forbore a deed of proof  
And breathed alike the last adieu  
That welcomed me from home and you.  
And there were some, whose very name  
And cause I will not stoop to blame,  
Who watched me with a jealous eye  
And knew, yet blushed to own, the why;  
Who traced no outward vice or fault  
That well would justify assault,  
And even owned, with looks of truth,  
I was an honest, clever youth.  
But even then within their breast  
The venom scarce was half suppressed,  
And only slumbered in disguise  
To wake when other thoughts should rise,  
And o'er their hopes a shadow cast  
That told the future by the past.  
But why essay thus to condemn,  
Or name or trace a fault to them?  
For 'tis not well that erring man  
His fellow-creatures' faults should scan;  
Yet such the fault, nor even I  
A kindred frailty will deny,

When purer heart and fairer form  
Have sinned the same nor thought it harm.

How cold the thought—how dark the hour—  
That o'er the pensive vision lower!  
The faded rays of pleasure's beams—  
The long-lost hope, the blighted dreams—  
The fancied bliss of fortune's smile  
That youthful hopes embrace awhile;  
And what to life is worse than these,  
The frown of cold realities;  
The jealous foes—the faithless friends—  
That only smile when selfish ends  
Essay to move the fickle heart;  
And that lone smile is but in art.

And who hath turned to view the past  
Where fortune's varied die is cast,  
And there beheld, without a dart  
Of sadness thrill the brooding heart,  
The winding path that youth pursued  
With folly's fragments wildly strewed;  
The careless word—the thoughtless deed  
That few may hear and less may heed,  
'Till idle tongues, that long for fame,  
Nor know nor court no higher aim,  
Have turned and tossed them o'er and o'er—  
Revived each fault and sought no more;



And if one virtue sought to flow  
They knew it not nor cared to know—  
Cast it in cold oblivion's shade  
And smiled to see its lustre fade;  
Felt the sole hope of life attained  
And self-unquestioned glory gained.

But fare-thee-well ! perhaps no more  
Thou'lt trace these idle pages o'er,  
And soon forget, and little care,  
If vice or virtue mingle there.  
Dub them the scribblings of a youth—  
And such, I ween, they are in sooth—  
The idle fragments of the mind,  
To thee as chaff to Autumn's wind—  
Unheeded bourne and playfully tossed,  
Nor know, nor care what moment lost;  
And if in thee it wake one thought,  
'Twill die as soon and be forgot;  
Thou'lt coldly turn to worthier themes,  
Nor let this mar thy lightest dreams.  
Toss it in fragments to the breeze  
And happily smile at the release.  
But fare-thee-well ! the spell is o'er,  
And thou mayest sigh that not before;  
Perhaps no more thou'lt hear from me  
While tossed on life's uncertain sea.  
Life's bark is frail and storms may blow

And blight our hopes and lay them low,  
So thou canst feed this to the flame—  
Forget me and my very name.

I will not say I love thee.

For that were weak and vain,  
Since vows of others move thee  
'Twould give thy bosom pain.

And yet how sweeter, dearer,  
Are friendship's golden ties,  
To know that never nearer  
Can rest the sacred prize

Than love, with all its sweetness,  
Its sorrows and its pains,  
Its pleasures and their fleetness,  
Its brightness and its stains.



## EPISTLE TO A. E——.

---

DEAR BROTHER :

Weeks and months and years  
Have rolled away, and Time but steers  
For me his bark of silent grief,  
Nor ports nor flies to grant relief.  
It is that cold and ceaseless pain  
That blights the heart and racks the brain,  
Yet grants to live through weary toil  
From which the heart can ne'er recoil;—  
A weight that hangs as dull and dread  
As memories of the cherished dead.  
The dead that once was near and dear  
To some lone heart left weeping here.  
For what art thou but dead to me,

Save in the faint reality ;  
Save that the hopes of future years  
Arise and quench the starting tears.  
And hope, alas! the meteor spark  
That flashes in the midnight dark,  
And lures the wanderer from his way,  
On wilds and deserts left to stray.  
Aye, what art thou but dead to me—  
I only weep to think of thee ;  
'Tis in a sad and silent tone  
That lives within the heart alone,  
And none may know, and few may guess  
The subject of its bitterness.  
The heavy hours pass drearily,  
For when I turn to gaze, I see  
That friend in childhood—Brother Dear,  
To close the heart and turn the ear,  
What high within this heart must swell—  
I weep to think I cannot tell ;  
'Tis of a sad and shadowy hue  
That speaks of sorrows deep and true—  
Of sorrows ne'er to be avenged,  
A brother wronged, a heart estranged.

The alien friends may love and part,  
With but one wrench to wound the heart,  
And that sad wrench, though wide and deep,  
May quickly heal and scarcely weep

With flowing tears or heaving sighs,  
The sadness of their miseries.  
But bid the inconstant one adieu  
And seeks a heart more soft and true,  
Where it may pour its aching grief,  
And from its sorrow find relief.

A brother's love is deeper far  
Than all the roots of petty war;  
It clasps the heart and binds the soul  
And clings through life—the part—the whole.  
For faint relief the heart may fly  
To other land, to other sky  
And hope that charms might there dispel  
The deathly gloom—the living hell.  
Alas! Alas! he there but finds  
The pain he fled but colder binds  
Still closer twines and nearer clings  
And deeper gnaws and harder wrings;—  
Whate'er he hopes, where'er he turns  
That grief unchanged still madly burns.

And canst thou from thy brother turn—  
Thy sister mock—thy mother spurn—  
That mother near and dear to all?  
Or are such thoughts too weak and small  
To dwell but long enough with thee,  
To ask thyself or answer me?

That mother on whose throbbing breast  
We oft have been together prest,  
And gathered life and vigor there,  
That made us men or what we are ;  
Around whom we have oft-times played  
And jealous watched each favor paid,  
And envious of each other's skill  
We sought to please and struggled still ;  
Left the small task at night undone  
But to return with morning's sun,  
To struggle through the livelong day  
And find it still unfinished lay.

That mother then to us how dear !  
She gently calmed each rising fear  
That stole upon our troubled breast,  
And grief and sorrow was repress.  
She asked of naught from passion's store,  
She chid our sins and sought no more :  
She watched our steps as life advanced  
And sighed as manhood's steps enhanced.  
How slow and heavy drag the days !  
How dark and chill the dismal rays  
That lead us on through bleak suspense,  
That heaviest, worst of punishments  
And guide us still to find—who knows  
If it be pain or calm repose ?  
To know the toils—the hopes of years

Must end in joy or sorrow's tears.  
Must yet be lost in grief and shame  
Or honor gild the sacred name.

One only solace calms her breast  
And vainly soothes it into rest,  
And that, she nobly did the best;  
Resigns to God—to fate the rest.  
And what are angels more than she  
Save in their immortality.

And thou dost love a heart, and fair  
The form that wraps it gently there:—  
May heaven bless and fortune smile  
While life remains, nor woe beguile  
One happy hour that shines on thee  
And thine—a sister but to me.  
And to the vow may she be true,  
Thou lovest her and I love her too  
Ev'n as a sister, never less  
Whilst thy lot she deigns to bless.

But fare thee well—a long good bye  
“I speak—I trace it with a sigh.”  
For even now comes gath'ring fast  
The pains, the pleasures of the past  
Which bound methought the lasting ties  
That linked our mutual sympathies.  
Alas! I fear 'twas but a dream—



The sparkling ray of evening's beam  
That lies along the placid west  
When Summer's Sun hath sunk to rest,  
And clothes each light and lingering cloud  
Within her gold reflecting shroud.

The weary wanderer, laid to rest,  
By unremitting toil oppressed,  
Arising now, would laugh to gaze  
Upon the bright and smiling rays  
And picture the angelic day  
That soon must burst the gloom away,  
And thoughtless wait for brighter beams  
To break away the lingering dreams.

Alas, for me that lingers there!  
Alas, for me that hoped to share  
The light, the comfort of thy smile  
And claim thy friendship for awhile.

Alas! alas! I know too late  
But can not—will not stoop to hate.  
Life's weary way I still pursue  
And trust no more, but cherish you.

If these few lines thy heart should move  
To cold respect or warmer love,  
The proof is ever welcome here  
However light that proof appear.

THE BLAZING SUN SAT.

---

The blazing Sun sat on a winter's eve—  
Unto the cloud still clung her gleaming ray.  
And shall I pass from this dull world, and leave  
A beam to trace to where I mutely lay?

---

SONNET.

---

'Tis sweet to dream when slumber's mild embrace  
Hath gently wooed us to ethereal rest;  
Hath swept the rougher thoughts of life away  
And gilded every cloud that darkly lay  
Along life's dim horizon and her sky.  
Hath stamped the glow of peace upon our face  
And stilled the tumult in our aching breast,  
While sorrow's tear drop lingers in our eye.  
Ah, these are raptures known but for an hour;  
When we awake to bleak reality  
One sudden pang may thrill our bosoms core  
And life return as yesterday, and we,  
Taking our common way amid the strife,  
Pursue the future as the past:—E'en so is life.

## EPISTLE TO MISS EMMA S——.

Accept these lines; 'tis friendship true  
That bids their numbers flow.  
No fire of love doth them pursue,  
Nor passions ardent glow.  
Ah, thou art young, thy heart is true,  
Though childish yet it be,  
And love that warms thy bosom through  
Is fickle, wild and free.

Thy heart is warm with love for man,  
Thou know'st yet not why;  
'Tis nature's wise and goodly plan  
And who shall it deny?  
And blessed with that sweet love alone  
Man should be proud and true;  
Who scorn the virtue they have known  
And vicious passions woo.

And thou, with each fair, lovely charm  
Of womanhood art blest;  
Those sparkling eyes and heart so warm,  
In innocence caressed.  
And trusting man too soon, thy friend—

Too often but thy foe—  
Ere womanhood, thy heart may bend  
In hopeless, icy woe.

LINES TO THE SAME.

---

Alas ! trust not the visioned friend  
Thy girlish heart adores,  
For fortune's winds thy bark doth tend  
To sorrow's gloomy shores.  
Thy charms were made to bless a home  
On virtue's golden path,  
So never let thy footsteps roam  
In vicious passion wrath.

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

---

Farewell ! Farewell ! for I must roam  
With saddened heart from thee,  
Unto a lone and dreary home  
And leave thee far from me.

For fate hath willed my sad career  
And life's storms wildly blow,  
But to my heart thou wilt be dear  
Where'er I chance to go.

But happy rest thy tender heart  
With sorrows aching now,  
Though we must now so sadly part  
Joy yet may crown that brow ;  
And thou wilt look on sorrows past  
While joys around thee shine,  
And rest thy weary soul at last  
And be forever ——.

## LINES TO THE SAME.

---

The lovely flower at early morn  
With dews all blushing bright,  
Turns from the shades of night with scorn  
To greet the god of light.  
And clouds may gather dark the while,  
His ray may glimmer dim,  
The flower may fade, but still her smile  
Will e'er be turned to him.

Thou art my heart's delusive light,  
Thy flower I would be,  
The sorrows past the shades of night  
From which to turn to thee.  
And dark'ning clouds for us they came  
Ere morning's early dawn  
And not a ray but love's bright flame  
E'er lit our journey on.

## FLOW GENTLY, WILLAMETTE.

---

Flow gently, Willamette, beneath the green shade  
Which the tall, towering fir tree and maple hath  
made  
With their green winding branches and boughs  
spreading wide  
To throw their soft shadow across the blue tide,  
And the tall, shady ash tree, the oak and the pine  
Encircled and brightened by the charming wood-  
bine  
That opens its buds in the clear summer air  
To mingle its sweetness with beauty's despair.  
  
Flow gently down by where my sweet Mary dwells  
And tell her the love in my bosom still swells

Which first in my boyhood I vowed to be true,  
Aye, swells, and is blushing as bright as the dew  
That falls in the springtime upon the green rose  
Which round the bright arbor so charmingly blows,  
The dewdrop that blushes and sparkles at dawn,  
Ere one misting vapor from its freshness is gone.

Flow gently and tell her this heart hath long mourned  
For the sweetness of hours that has never returned,  
And its once quickened throb beats heavy and low,  
And all its fond gayety dwindled to woe;  
Nor never again shall this young heart behold  
The bliss and the brightness of hours of old;  
Though not one faint spark from its mem'ry is fled—  
The memory and love in thy bosom is dead.

Flow gently Willamette:—I never may gaze  
On the charms of my childhood and infancy's days,  
Nor never again with sweet Mary to go,  
The idol of childhood and source of my woe;  
Like the garden's sweet blossom that opens at dawn.  
But ere the full morning its freshness is gone;  
The flower may still linger, its brightness delay,  
Its pure soul has vanished for ever away.



OH COME EACH YOUTH.

---

Oh come each youth  
I'll tell a truth,  
And by it you may profit,  
And with my heart  
I hope thou art  
Not much inclined to scoff it.

It is not such,  
Nor e'en so much  
As other tongues may lend you,  
But trust my word,  
If it is heard,  
It may some day befriend you.

'Tis of the flights,  
The wrongs and rights  
Which Cupid e'er may bring you,  
For of each lass  
Which he may pass,  
A song he'll sweetly sing you.

Some maiden fair  
Will find thy care,

For her thou'lt love and languish ;  
 If one intrude  
 'Twill rouse thy blood  
 To never-ceasing anguish.

\* \* \* \* \*

If then she would marry,  
 Oh friend, never tarry,  
 For Fortune may fail then to woo you ;  
 "There's always a slip  
 'Tween the cup and the lip,"  
 Which may prove a sad vacancy to you.

If for her you've a taste,  
 Oh then, marry in haste  
 And repent—yes repent at your leisure ;  
 If to-day it brings sorrow,  
 Just trust that to-morrow  
 'Twill waft you the sweetest of pleasure.

## DEAR MOTHER.

---

Dear mother, long within my heart  
 Thy memory shall live,  
 The sin thou didst which made us part  
 I freely shall forgive,

When thou shalt home return again  
 And cause it duly blest,  
 And once relieve the weary pain  
 That hovers in my breast.

## TO ONE WHO CAN BEST UNDER- STAND THEM.

---

[The following lines may be accused of being an unworthy imitation of Lord Byron's poem, bearing the same heading, and I will call attention to the fact that very different circumstances have called it into existence and clothed it in a very different expression. I will leave the reader to judge for himself.]

Oh how I loved thee when my heart was young  
 The pains and sighs of misery shall tell,  
 And though with willing hands my heart thou'st  
     wrung,  
 My hardest word to thee is "fare-thee-well."

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Fare-thee-well, and if forever,  
 Still my love for thee shall burn,  
 Though I would forgive thee—never  
 To thee can my heart return.

Thou hast shunned even to address me  
 When my scorers pressed around

Though for that their smiles did bless thee  
Sad remembrance yet shall wound.

Thou hast mocked me, thou hast spurned me,  
Thou hast breathed my name in scorn ;  
Go to them thy folly learned thee,  
Will they comfort while you mourn ?

Go to them that with thee gathered  
Roses when life's morn was new ;  
Go to them—the flowers are withered—  
Has their friendship faded too ?

Go to them, the false, the fleeting,  
False as thou hast been to me :  
Go to them and mark their greeting,  
Go and taste my misery.

Go to them whose flattery fed thee,  
Fawned thee in thy happier hour,  
Go to them their smiles have fled thee,  
'Twas but sunshine ere the shower.

Go and think of him that loved thee,  
Loved thee with a heart too true,  
Love that once had deeply moved thee  
Ere we bad our last adieu.

Think thou not that I despise thee  
When I'm madly forced to go,

Still I love, though love unwisely,  
Love that bears me nought but woe.

But thy love for me hath perished  
Like the snow in Summer's sun,  
And the hopes this heart once cherished  
Were as soon to be undone.

Fare-thee-well, thou loved, thou fair one,  
Mirror of my youthful dreams,  
'Twere the balm of hope to share one  
Moment where thy kindness beams.

Could I to my bosom press thee,  
Though thou'st left it oft so sad,  
Could thy smiles forever bless me  
As they once were free and glad :—

Could I know thy heart beats truly  
As it once did beat for me,  
I could love and love thee duly,  
But, alas, it ne'er can be.

Not that I would scorn to wed thee.  
Thou art loveliest still of all,  
But my heart would e'er upbraid me  
When the past I would recall.

Need I here or e'er repeat it?  
No, thou knowest it too well ;

Better far could both forget it  
Since to us it thus befell.

Oh, adieu, adieu forever,  
Why should hope again renew :—  
All the lingering ties must sever  
While I bid this last adieu.

## YE WHO WOULD SIGH.

---

Ye who would sigh for maids or raptures flown,  
Let not that sigh to vulgar hearts be known;  
For others are possessed of charms as well,  
Would joy to hear their own gay marriage bell,  
Would burn as warm in passion's rising fire,  
And lull thy grief and soothe thy bosom's ire;  
Cast the sweet glow of peace on all around  
And prove thy heart its haven there had found;  
Forget the pains and pleasures of the past  
And live one happy hour if 'twere thy last.  
And raptures :—scorn such vanity to seek,  
Which are but gilded dreams to lure the weak,  
And he who would pursue at last will own  
That ere he grasped them they were ever flown,  
The self-suspended meteors of an hour  
That brightest gleam ere shades of melancholy lower.

## TO MISS ———.



Respect has fled, but love remains  
And flings her mantle o'er the stains  
That mar thy sweet but truthless heart,  
That lost to nature, skilled in art,  
Would still essay to wield the dart,  
To try the string and bend the bow,  
That swiftest shafts of Cupid throw.



He who greets me as a foe  
Shall find an honest foeman;  
Who by wile would lay me low  
Can be but lovely woman.



LINES TO A BOUQUET PRE-  
SENTED BY A YOUNG LADY.

---

Though thy lustre hath faded thy fragrance remains  
And rewards, lovely maiden, thy patience and pains,  
And awakes in my bosom remembrance of hours  
That like thee have faded, thou beautiful flowers ;  
The fountains that fed them have vanished away  
And the heart that once treasured is farther than  
they,

But the hope that endeared them is lingering still  
As thy sweetness the now faded ruin doth fill.  
Thou speak'st the deep language words never can  
tell,

And breathes the soft passions that mutely must  
swell,

And a token of friendship more dear than the smile  
Or the soft kiss at parting too oft to beguile ;  
And the heart that hath gathered how pure it must be  
To seek in its sweetness an emblem in thee.

OH, TEMPT ME NOT.  

---

Oh, tempt me not with those dark eyes  
That wrought me all my woe ;  
They promise but new miseries  
And haunt me where I go.

They whet anew each pang and pain  
That time so slowly dulled,  
And wake to hopeless life again  
The pulse despair had lulled.

The grief and woe of long, long years  
But moments now recount ;  
What melted then my woe to tears  
Now freeze it in the fount.

Let mercy rend those severed ties  
To never reunite,  
And gild not hopes' uncertain skies  
To set again in night.

THREE LONG, LONG YEARS.

---

Three long, long years ago to-night  
Our hearts were gay, our hopes were bright,  
    I clasped thee to my breast;  
Impatient love my bosom stirred;  
I spoke—thy happy spirit heard—  
    I need not say the rest.

A few unclouded days were ours,  
But fate, begirt with all his powers,  
    Was yet to break the dream;  
The lingering hope was all in vain,  
The loving tie was burst in twain  
    Like bubbles on the stream.

The happy tide with love bedewed  
Though swift and strong, thy smiles renewed  
    To purer waves and true;  
How soon, alas, that bliss was o'er  
And I had felt its joy no more,  
    So swift is love's adieu.

I sadly watched her founts decay,  
As drop by drop it ebb'd away—  
    My very life seemed there;  
I saw it feed love's desert sand  
And lent my own unwilling hand  
    To quench it in despair.

I did not weep, for that were vain,  
A sullen sadness seemed to reign  
    The tyrant of the hour;  
Deep melancholy spread her pall  
And cast her deathly gloom o'er all,  
    As tempests' shadows lower.

I gave my love—thou promised thine—  
Our very hearts did intertwine,  
    And vow to never part;  
How soon, alas, thou wast to go,  
The dream of bliss to end in woe  
    And prove thy fickle heart.

I can not call thee false, for oh !  
How very sad it were to know  
    One bitter thing of thee :  
The sad reflection to endure  
A heart so loving once and pure  
    Could learn hypocrisy.

And mine is yet as pure and free  
As when I breathed it first to thee  
    In numbers then uncouth;  
But thou art gone—my love, farewell,  
Unerring time alone shall tell  
    My constancy and truth.

## JENNIE.

---

Jennie! thou art sweet and fair;  
    Jennie! thou art charming,  
Yet the voice that bade beware  
    Is still my heart alarming.

Could I view thee pure as when  
    Girlhood's sweetness crowned thee,  
Lovely charms that blessed thee then  
    Surely would have bound me.

Yet not want of lovely charms  
    Holds me from thy bosom,  
Nature gave thee cupid's arms  
    And taught thee how to use them.  
    But forbear the cruel blow  
    Thou would'st wield to lay me low.

## YOUTH'S ROSY BLOOM LINGERS.

---

Youth's rosy bloom lingers  
Still fresh on thy face,  
Which Time's certain fingers  
Too soon must erase.

Like the tide that sweeps over  
The sands of the shore,  
'Tis destined to cover  
What lingered before.

Like the chill wind of Autumn  
That sweeps through the bowers  
And scatters their foliage  
And withers their flowers.

Like Summer's sweet flower,  
All blooming and fair  
That charms for an hour  
While its brightness is there.

The bee hovers nigh  
Till its freshness is gone,

Flits carelessly by  
And forever is flown.

The wild winds may scatter  
Its scentless remains,  
As those that now flatter  
Will smile at thy pains.

## FARE-THEE-WELL.

---

Fare-thee-well, when life is closing  
Think of him that loved thee well,  
Think, when calmly there reposing  
How thou'st felt my bosom swell.

Think of me while life is flowing  
Onward to the eternal deep,  
Think when falsely thou'rt bestowing  
Love to make another weep.

Think of me when sorrow clouds thee  
How I'd gladly share each pain ;  
Think, when melancholy shrouds thee,  
That we ne'er may meet again.



Fare-thee-well, when to another  
Thou art linked and love is o'er ;  
Think of me then as a brother,  
As a brother—never more.

Fare-thee-well, may heaven bless thee,  
May that providence defend,  
May a nobler arm caress thee  
Than was ever mine to lend.

May that heart so gently heaving  
Never know the pain it gives ;  
May the heart thine own deceiving  
Know but misery while it lives.

## A SAD, WEARY STRANGER.

---

A sad, weary stranger, unknowing, unknown,  
In the land where we trace him stood pensive, alone,  
The bleak winds were whistling, the cloud-dark-  
ened sky  
Was closing above him, he raised not his eye ;  
The daylight was fading o'er moorland and hill

And the storm-drops were falling—he lingered  
there still:

No friend or companion, no loved one was near  
To soothe his deep sorrow or lend him a tear.

He leaned on his arm as he stood in the land  
And his chin rested hard on his firmly clenched  
hand,

And his long silken beard, which he ofttimes ca-  
ressed,

Swept loose and neglected across his sad breast.

His firmly set lips did but little impart,

Save that a cold sorrow lurked deep in his heart.

Around his broad forehead his deep wrinkled brow  
The silver-tinged tresses unheeded did flow.

He gazed in the distance—'twas not to behold

What there to his vision broad nature unrolled—

He knew not, he reck'ed not, he had not a care

For the scenes that lay smiling to welcome him  
there,

But far, far away, through the half-gathered tear,

His vision seemed streaming on objects more dear.

On objects that once kindled hope in his breast

But now brought it sorrow and left it depressed.

He gazed on the scenes which his childhood had  
known

And sighed for the charms which had vanished and  
flown:—

He sighed for the father, the mother so kind  
Who had wept to behold him to sorrow consigned ;  
The sisters, the brothers, his infancy knew,  
Whose hearts were as tender and affection as true,  
And gazed on the friends through the long weary  
years

And struggled to conquer the half-flowing tears.

He gazed on the pathway his manhood had trod  
And wept o'er the sins against man and his God,  
And those tempest-torn features waxed hard on his  
face

As his thoughts, though forbidden, that pathway  
would trace ;

They were not the high lawless deed of his clime  
Which mercy abandons and justice calls crime,  
But sins which his conscience again and again  
Had struggled to vanquish but struggled in vain.

Behold him, alas, in his madness to stand—  
The bright dreams of gold led him far from his land  
Ere the summer of life had dawned on his brow  
Or the first bloom of hope had drooped on the bow.  
Those dreams have all vanished like a false fleeting  
gem

And those hopes have all withered like flow'rs on  
the stem,  
The sunbeam of Life is fast fading away  
And the cloud of misfortune hangs dark o'er the  
ray.

## SONNET.

---

Affection, love, thou art a fearful thing,  
Wrapt in the maze of many a different name,  
Which are but echoes of each other's sound  
Bourne to the heart on one untiring wing  
Which in its flight doth overleap all bound  
And pierce the darkest shadow with its flame;  
Nor chained by fetters to the prison's wall,  
Nor forced an exile from th' unwilling heart,  
Though time may temper and though distance gall,  
Though power may hamper and vile cunning thwart,  
At once the essence of our bliss and woe,  
Our sweetest friend and yet our bitterest foe,  
The soul's unmantled spy and ceaseless guest,  
Welcome alike to prince' or peasant's humbler breast.

OH, BRILLIANT SUN.  

---

Oh, brilliant sun, I gazed on thee  
When morning's beam was bright,  
And never thought that thou could'st be  
So very swift of flight

I gazed and saw thy golden beam  
But that was all I knew,  
And reck'ed not in my early dream  
That thou wert fleeting too.

I gazed, and Nature's smiling face  
As lovely wast as thou ;  
No lingering shadow could I trace  
Along her placid brow.

The dewy freshness all was there,  
No vapor yet had fled  
To mix with morning's purple air  
And dim the light she shed.

I heeded not the fleeting hour  
That bore me swiftly on,

Till noonday storms of life did lower,  
And mornings' rays were gone.

I saw the tempest gathering fast  
Around thy brilliant beam ;  
I saw the full ray overcast,  
And in her shadow gleam.

## THE DAY OF THE CHIEFTAIN.

---

The following lines were addressed to a friend on the defeat of Roscoe Conkling in his issue made against the appointment of Robertson to the position of Receiver in the Custom House at the port of New York, and his resignation, and the humiliating disappointment which followed to him so unexpectedly in the New York Legislature. It was composed at the time for the sake of amusement, and without any intention of giving it any political significance whatever. I insert it in these pages.

The day of the chieftain, poor Roscoe, is o'er  
And his bold voice is heard in our councils no more ;  
The lone wind shall sigh where his diction once  
swell'd,  
His voice is now silent, his spirit is quelled ;  
He warred with a chieftain whose standard was  
strong,  
Though few were his numbers, he baffled him long ;  
His motto and watchword was never retreat,  
And the boast of his faction—the lack of defeat.

He hath shown in our senates a meteor of fame,  
But hath vanished and left but the shadow of  
    shame ;  
No gleam of his glory hath lingered behind,  
And his madness hath left him no solace of mind ;  
He clung to a hope with the grasp of despair,  
Nor forsook it when ruin awaited him there ;  
On the wild wave of fortune his bark hath been  
    tossed,  
Now wrecked on her shores, in obscurity lost.

## THOU ART NOT FALSE.

---

Thou art not false, yet thou art cold  
    As evening's fading beam,  
Or is thy heart of warmer mold  
    Than thou wouldst have it seem ?

Thou art not beautiful, yet fair  
    As lily in her bloom,  
And that sweet soul embosomed there  
    Would virtues self illumine.



I GAZED ON THEE.

---

I gazed on thee when youth was bright,  
And loved thee—not as now I might,  
But with a warm, impulsive flame  
That blazed and vanished as it came;  
Like Autumn's fire on prairies spread,  
By breezes fanned, by grasses fed,  
It leaps anon and flies where'er  
Her winds may blow or breezes bear;  
Such is the pulse that marks the hour  
When youth is swayed by passion's power,  
Till manhood curbs the restless flight  
And holds its wandering steps aright;  
No bursting flames light up the sky,  
No kindling beams blaze forth and die,  
But burns alike anthracite coal,  
Deep, quenchless, lasting as the soul.

## DEAR MARY.

---

Dear Mary, loud the wintry winds  
Are whistling now without,  
And thus my heart companion finds  
In misery and doubt.

It feeds the hungry thoughts of woe  
And keys the every chord  
From whence immortal measures flow—  
The lyric's loved reward.

It lends new wings to memory  
And backward turns her flight;  
The vanished hours again I see  
And live them o'er to-night.

I hear that sweet, bewitching voice  
That charmed me long ago ;  
A thoughtless moment I rejoice,  
Then deeper sink in woe.

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG  
LADY'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

---

Oh scorn the gleam of vanity,  
And flattery despise,  
Beneath the gauzy mantle lie  
But cold hypocrisies,  
And cling throu' life to love and truth,  
'Twill soothe misfortune's rage;  
The noblest pride of golden youth  
And hope of weary age.

THERE IS A DREAD.

---

There is a dread of paths untried  
Experience has himself denied,  
A very joy in danger's hour  
That soothes its wrath and curbs its pow'r,  
And launched upon the wildest wave,

I'll fly to glory or the grave;  
Nor daunt me less nor daunt me more  
Her angry waves and rocky shore,  
Than doth the pool's unruffled face,  
Since I can speed with wilder pace,  
For hope can lull the darkest fears  
And buoy the heart thro' grief and cares,  
And thus repay the blighted soul,  
Should Fate deny ambitious goal.

Tho' many a haven fair invite  
My bark to anchor in its flight,  
Where the pure waters rest in peace  
And toils shall end and dangers cease,  
Still shall I urge her course along  
And touch my harp and weave my song,  
Till brighter shores, than these I see  
Along my course, shall smile for me.

Tho' many a haven shall deny  
The bliss I seek, yet shall I fly  
The barren shores and desert strand,  
That still in welcome may expand,  
And brave alone the mad career  
Of waves and tempests raging drear,  
Till I shall find some lovely isle  
Or sunny strand of south to smile  
In changeless beauty all its own—

Yes, smile, and smile for me alone  
Ere I shall furl my flapping sail,  
Or fate, whate'er it be, bewail,  
Nor forced by fortune, dealt amiss,  
To soothe my woe in vulgar bliss;  
Aspire to grasp ideal charms  
Or none within these manly arms.

## IMPROMPTU LINES.

---

[Written in an Autograph Album belonging to a young lady, who, on a former occasion, had, by misrepresentation, been actuated to treat me with marked indifference, not to say evident disrespect, but upon discovering her mistake respectfully apologized, and requested my Autograph as evidence of her sincerity. After writing the first ten lines she insisted upon my signature, at which I penned the concluding four.]

Where scorn reposed let pity rise  
And dry repentance' tearful eyes,  
And smile greet smile and frown depart,  
And peaceful sunshine robe the heart ;  
Across the gulf the hand extend  
And grasp the welcome of a friend.

And ye who here would search my name  
Will be but ill requited,

For e'en to save the page from shame  
'Twere better not to write it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who could renounce an angel's plea?  
Or scorn a fairer maid's decree?  
And since thy will would have it done  
I sign it—

---

## OH, DO NOT SCORN.

---

Oh, do not scorn the sigh, the tear  
That I may pour unheeded here,  
Tho' breathed in vain are yet as true  
As hope is hopeless to renew.

The years have flown like winter's wind  
And left their memories cold behind,  
Without one ray to gild her sky  
Or melt the gloom of misery.

The hopes of youth are swept away  
As Autumn heaps the flower's decay ;

The leafless trunk may yet remain  
Perchance to bud nor bloom again.

The thunders' peal or lightning's stroke  
May blight the flower or rend the oak,  
Yet grant that life might still delay  
To linger on thro' slow decay.

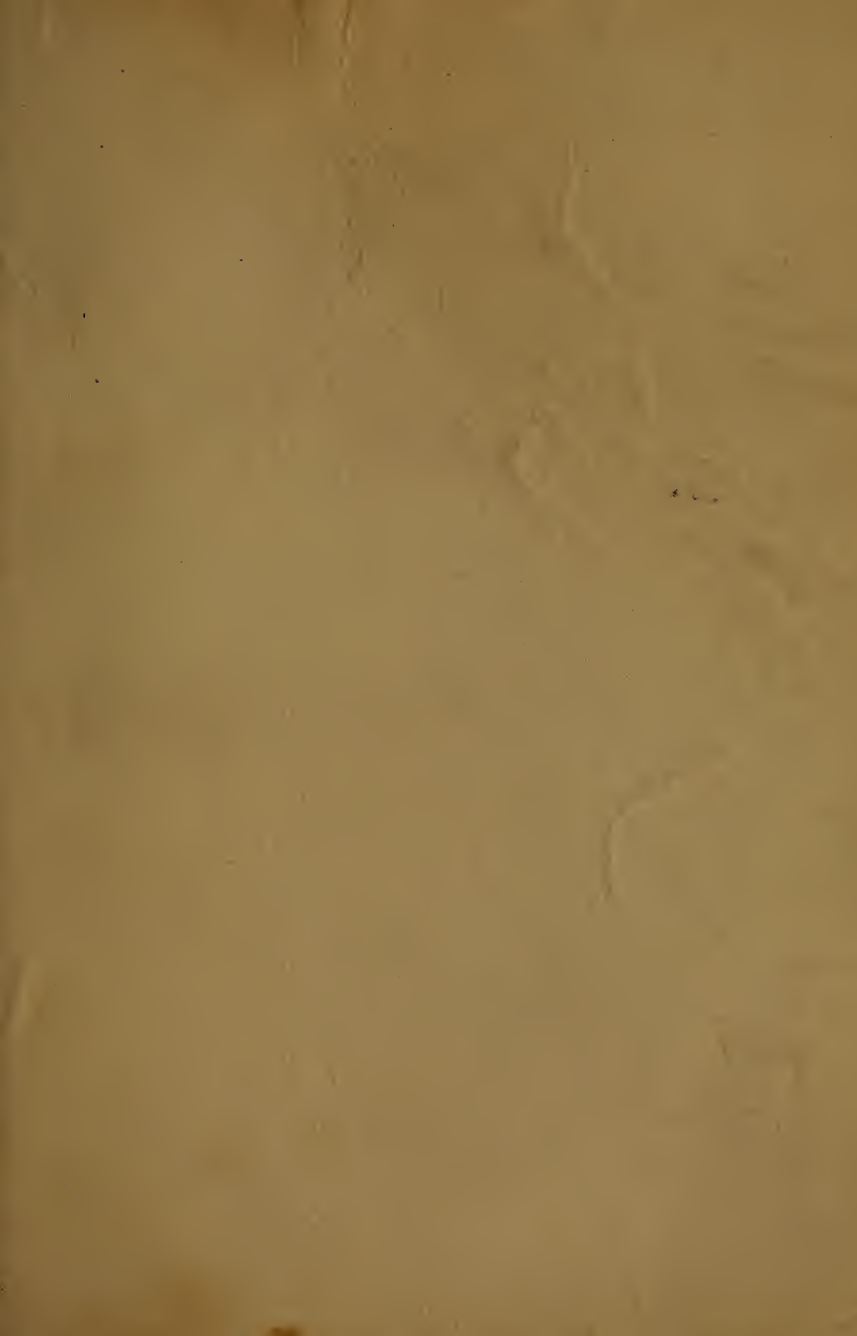
How sadder still must be the heart  
That love hath wooed to sweet repose  
And, pierced by fate's relentless dart,  
Awakened to a world of woes.











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